

ELEGIES

ON

MAGGY JOHNSTON,

JOHN COWPER,

AND

Lucky WOOD.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

Second EDITION corrected and amended.



EDINBURGH:

Printed for the AUTHOR, at the MERCURY,
opposite to Nidderly's-Wynd. 1718.

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ELEGY

ON

Maggy Johnston,

Who Died *Anno* 1711.

AUld Reeky mourn in Sable Hue,
Let fouth of Tears dreep like May Dew;
To braw Tiponny bid Adieu,
Which we with Greed
Bended as fast as she cou'd Brew,
Till we could
But Ah! she's dead!

To tell the Truth, now Maggy dang,
Of Customers she had a Bang ;

For Lairds and Souters a did gang

To drink bedeen :

The Barn and Yard was aft sae Thrang

We took the Green.

And there by Dizens we lay down,
Syne sweetly ca'd the Healths arown
To bonny Lasses black or brown,

As we loo'd best.

In Bumpers we dull Cares did drown

And took our Rest.

When in our Pouch we fand some Glinks,

And took a Turn o're Bruntsfield Links,

Aften in Maggy's at Hy-jinks

We guzled Scuds,

Till we cou'd scarce wi' hale-out Drinks

Cast aff our Duds.

We

We drank and drew, and fill'd again;

O wow! but we were blyth and fain

When ony had their Count mistain;

O it was nice;

To hear us a cry, Pike your Bain

And spell ye'r Dice;

Fou close we us'd to drink and rant,

Until we did baith glowre and gaunt,

And pish and spew, and yesk and maunt

Right swass I trew,

Then of auld Stories we did cant

Whan we were fou.

Whan we were weary'd at the Gouff,

Then Maggy Johnston's was our Houff,

Now a our Gamesters may sit douff

Wi Hearts like Lead,

Death wi his Rung rax'd her a Youff,

And sae she die'd.

Maun we be forc'd thy Skill to tine;
 For which we will right fair repine;
 Or hast thou left to Bairns of thine

The pauky Knack
 Of Brewing Ale amaisht like Wine,
That gar'd us Crack.

Sae brawly did a Pea-scon Toast,
 Biz i' the Queff, and flie the Frost,
 There we gat fou wi little Cost,
And muckle speed;
 Now wae-worth Death, our Sport's a lost
Since Maggy's dead;

Ae Simmer Night I was fae fou,
 Amang the Riggs I gae'd to spew,
 Syn down on a green Bank I trew,
I took a Nap;
 And foucht a Night Balillilow
As sound's a Tap.

And

And whan the Dawn begoud to glow;
 I hirsl'd up my dizzy Pow
 Frae 'mang the Corn like Wirry-Kow;
Wi Bains sae jair,
 And ken'd nae mair than if a Ew
How I came there.

Some said it was the Pith of Broom
 That she stow'd in her Masking Loom;
 Which in our Heads rais'd sic a Foom,
Or some wild Seed,
 Which aft the Chaping Stoup did toom,
But fill'd our Head.

But now since it's sae that we must
 Not in the best Ale put our trust;
 But whan we'r auld return to Dust
Without remead,
 Why shou'd we tak it in disgust
That Maggy's dead,

Of worldly Comforts she was Rife;
'And liv'd a lang and hearty Life,
Right free of Care, or Toil, or Strife
Till she was Stale,
'And ken'd to be a kanny Wife
At brewing Ale.

Then Farewell, Maggy, Doule and Fell,
Of Brewers a thou boor the Bell;
Let a thy Gossies yelp and yell,
And without Feed,
Guess whether ye'r in Heaven or Hell,
They're sure ye're dead.

E P I T A P H.

O RARE MAGGY JOHNSTON.

(9 I)

Of Whore hunting he got his fill,
And made bet money Pitt and Gill;
Of his raw Post he thought use ill,
Nor did he need

ELEGY

O N
Now they may mark a Kirk and Mill

John Comper Kirk-Trea- surer's Man.

Alas! he was the Man of War,
Yet money's end, we quaking fear,

Anno 1714.

I Wairn ye a to greet and drone;
John Comper's dead, Ohon, Ohon!
To fill his Post alake there's none;

That with sic Speed,
Cou'd sa'r Sculdudrey out like John;

But now he's dead.

He was right nacky in his Way,
Alas! he's gone;
And eydent baith be Night and Day,
May be to lea-
He wi the Lads his Part cou'd play,

When right fair fle'e'd,
He gart them good Bill-filler pay,

But now he's dead.

Of Whore-hunting he gat his Fill,
 And made be't mony Pint and Gill;
 Of his braw Post he thought nae Ill,

Nor did nae need,

Now they may mak a Kirk and Mill

O't, since he's dead.

Altho' he was nae Man of Weir,
 Yet mony a ane, wi quaking Fear,
 Durst scarce afore his Face appear,

But hide their Head.

The wylie Carle he gather'd Geer,

And yet he's dead.

But now to some Part far awa,

Alas! he's gane and left it

May be to some sad Whilliwha

O'fremit Blood,

It's an ill Wind that dis nae blaw

Some Body Good.

Fy upon Death, he was to blame,

To whirle *John* to his lang Hame:

But tho' his Arse be cauld, yet Fame

Wi Tout of Trumpet,

Shall tell how *Cowper's* awfou Name

Con'd fie a Strumpet.

He ken'd the Bawds and Lowns fou weell,

And where they us'd to rant and reell,

He paukily on them cou'd steall

And spoil their Sport,

Aft did they with the muckle Deell

Might tak him for't.

But ne're a ane of them he spar'd,

E'en tho' there was a drunken Laird

To draw his Sword, and make a Faird

In their Defence,

John quietly put them in the Guard

To learn mair Sense.

There maun they ly till sober grown,
 The Lad niest Day his Fault maun own:
 And to keep a Things hush and lown,

He minds the Poor

Syne after a his Ready's flown

He damns the Whore

And she, poor Jad, withoutten Din,
 Is sent to *Leith-Wynd* Fit to spin,
 With heavy Heart and Cleathing thin,

And hungry Wame,

And ilky Month a well paid Skin

To mak her tame.

But now they may scoure up and down,
 And safely gang their Waks around,
 Spreading the Clap throw a the Town

But Fear or Dread:

For that great Kow to Bawd and Loun
 John Cowper's dead

Shame

((4113))

Shame faw ye'r Chandler Chaffs; O Death;
For stapping of *John Cowper's* Breath;
The Loss of him is publick Skaith,

I dare well say,
To die I'm sure he was right laith
This mony a Day.

P O S T S C R I P T

Occasion'd by *John's* being frequently
seen by several People, who can
declare the samen upon Oath.

June 1717.

OF Umquhile *John* to lie or bann;
Shaws but ill Will, and looks right shan;
But some tell odd Tales of the Man

For Fifty Head
Can gee their Aith they hae seen him gawn

Since he was dead.

E L E G Y

Keek

Keek but up throw the *Stinking Styl*,
 On *Sunday* Morning a wee While,
 At the Kirk Door out frae an Isle
 But tak good Tent ye dinna file
 Ye'r Breeks for Fear.

For well we wat it is his *Ghaist*,
 Wow, wad some Folk that can do't best,
 Speak till't, and hear what it confest,
 'Tis a good Deed
 To send a wandering Saul to rest
 Among the Dead.

For Fifty Head
 Can ge their Aith they hae leen him gawn
 Since he was dead.

ELEGY

Keek

ELEGY

ON

Lucky WOOD in the
Canongate.

May, 1717.

O Canongate, poor Elritch Hole;
What Loss; what Crosses does thou thole?
London and Death gars thee look drole
And bing thy Head,
Wow but thou has e'ne a cauld Coal
To blate indeed.

Hear

(161)

Hear me, ye Hills, and every Glen;
Ilk Craig, ilk Cleugh, and hollow Den;
And Echo shrill, that a may ken

The waefon Thud
Be rackless Death, wha came unfenn
To Lucky Wood.

She's dead o're true, she's dead and gane;
Left us and Willy burd alane,

To bleer and greet, to sob and mane,
And rugg our Hair,
Because we'll ne're see her again
For evermair.

She gae'd as fait as a new Prin,
And kept her Housie Snod and Been,
Her Pewther glanc'd upo' your Een

Like Siller Plate,
She was a donsie Wife and clean
Without Debate.

It did ane good to see her Stools;
Boord, Fireside, and facing Tools;
Rax, Chandlers, Tangs, and Fire Shools;

Basket wi Bread;

Poor Facers now may chew Pea-hools,

Since Lucky's dead.

She ne're gae in a Lawin fause;

Nor Stoups a Froath aboon the Hause;

Nor kept dow'd Tip within her Waus,

But reaming Swats;

She never Ran four Jute, because

It gee's the Batts.

She had the Gate sae well to please,

With *gratis* Beef, dry Fish, or Cheese;

Which kept our Purles ay at Ease,

And Health in Tist;

And lent her fresh Nine-gallon Trees

A hearty Lift.

She

She gae us aft hale Legs o' Lamb;
 And did nae hane her Mutton Ham,
 Than ay at Tool, when e're we came,

A braw Goose Pye,

And was nae that good Belly Bawm

Nane dare deny.

The Writer Lads fu well may mind her,

Furthy was she, her luck design'd her

Their common Mither, sure nane kinder

Ever brake Bread;

She has na left her Maik behind her,

But now she's dead.

To the sma Hours we aft sat still,

Nick'd round our Toasts and Snifhing Mill,

Which after cost us mony a Gill

To Aikenhead.

Good Cakes we wanted ne're at Will,

The best of Bread.

Cou'd

Cou'd our saut Tears like *Clyde* down rin,
And had we Cheeks like *Corra's Lin*,
That a the Warld might hear the Din
Rair frae ilk Head;
She was the Wale of a her Kin,
But now she's dead;
O Lucky *Wood*, it's hard to bear
The Loss; but Oh! we maun forbear:
Yet fall thy Memory be dear
While blooms a Tree;
And after Ages Bairns will spear
'Bout *THEE and ME.*

E P I T A P H.

Beneath this Sod
Lies *Lucky WOOD*,
Whom a Men might put Faith in;
Wha was na sweer,
While she winn'd here,
To cramm our Wames for Naithing.

F I N I S.

The *Morning Interview*, *Edinburgh's Address to the Country*, *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, and the *Three Elegies*, to be had at the **MERCURY** opposite to *Niddery's Wynd*.



E T I A P H

B

W I M I S